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LONDON

DECEMBER 1, 1948



F. J. Goodman

**PHYLLIS CALVERT** poses in an Italian setting at Anacapri, where she is filming in *The Golden Madonna*. One of the most attractive British screen stars, Phyllis Calvert was educated at the Institut Français and studied for the theatre under Margaret Morris. Her first stage appearance was in 1925 at the Lyric, Hammersmith, when, aged ten, she acted with Ellen Terry who was making her professional farewell, and in the thirties she spent several years in repertory. Among her principal films are *Kipps*, *Madonna of the Seven Moons*, *The Man in Grey* and *Fanny by Gaslight*, and in 1946 she went to America to make *Time Out of Mind*. She has a house in Gloucestershire, and is a keen student of costume





A. W. Kerr

**Field Marshal Earl Wavell**, who was himself at Winchester in the nineties, giving the address at the Winchester College war memorial cloister re-dedication ceremony. Behind him is the Bishop of Winchester, the Rt. Rev. M. G. Haigh, D.D., who performed the ceremony, and the College Chaplains. The new memorial records 270 Wykehamists, whose names are inscribed on pillars which face those commemorating the 500 who fell in World War I

## Some Portraits in Print

**M**IDNIGHT has a potent fascination for most people—a failing from which much profit has been gained in multifarious ways. What would Cinderella be without her stroke of midnight? And how could the bottle-party owner afford that little Mayfair mink without the urge of some people to stay up after the clock strikes twelve?

The approaching demise of the London bottle-party seems to have evoked few tears. Some even have been optimistic enough to suggest that its abolition will be followed by a revision of our fantastic licensing laws.

My own few incursions of recent years into the world of the bottle-party—what a name!—have not encouraged me to become one of its wholehearted champions. The atmosphere of at least one existing resort is so lachrymose that if a complimentary copy of Mr. Waugh's *The Loved One* were handed to each patron the gesture would seem (as far as I am concerned) appropriately satirical.

Perhaps I am getting old after all. I confess to feeling that after midnight there should be a general air of what our grandparents called “naughtiness.” Not for nothing was the can-can dance devised to amuse and shock with its delicate hiatus between top of stocking and bottom of frilled (hush!) knicker.

**I**AM also in favour of a lot of healthy noise on these occasions. A strangulated and alien voice whining of the misery of love through a microphone is not what I should seek as entertainment in the small hours. It seems a pity that Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray could not give his impressions of one of these

places (I talk now of other cities as well as London) in the manner he used in *The Newcomes* and *Pendennis*.

That was the day of Evans's Supper Rooms in, I think, Maiden Lane, but afterwards in the Covent Garden Market piazza. Also the Wolf Club in the Coal Hole in the Strand, now merely a public house long bereft of midnight character. I am told that a place called Cribb's in Panton Street was most popular, and that drinking actually went on after midnight at a number of sites on which later music halls were erected: the Savile House in Leicester Square (now home of American films for which “the public insists a third wonderful week”) the Royal Standard (where Bud Flanagan and Company now disport) and the wicked Turkish Saloon in Drury Lane, which became the Middlesex Music Hall (the Old Mogul) and is now the Winter Garden theatre.

The original night “clubs” of early Victorian London, with their robust air and uninhibited songs gave birth to the music hall of later Victorian days.

**N**OW I come to reflect, there is to-day a most genteel bottle-party in Leicester Square over the very cellars in which the most rambunctious “night club” of the twenties started.

Here the fabulous Mrs. Merrick began operations, shortly afterwards to move to Gerrard Street and the “Forty-Three.” Some day the true story of this remarkable wife of an Irish doctor will be written (and we will doubtless have to suffer from Hollywood a film version in which eight dozen assorted

blondes disport themselves in a room about the size and character of the Palace of Mirrors at Versailles).

And now I come to reflect again: why do succeeding Governments—in these days when the whole world has played the deuce with solar time—pay so much official attention to our midnights? If we all kept later hours, our representatives might the better be trained to contest with the Muscovites on their home ground. Moscow starts thinking about its dinner some time between eleven and twelve.

**E**ASIER to adjust oneself to, a few years ago, was the Warsaw habit of cutting out lunch, and making the first meal at the end of the working day, perhaps 3.30 p.m.

From then on, the meal seemed continuous until bedtime.

There used to be no such thing as midnight in Warsaw that I can remember. Nor was there in the Berlin of yesterday, a town that kept the latest (or earliest) hours of any in Western Europe. I was reminded of Berlin by seeing a picture last week of the Potsdamer Platz and in the background the shuttered Haus Vaterland, which in its day was a quite amazing resort with restaurants and bars of a dozen different nationalities. Some aspects of Berlin night life were far from admirable, but on the whole there was much noisy fun to be had without having to worry over the cost.

**I**FOUND in a family diary a while ago an entry, written about 1897, which recorded a “drive out into the country for the day, we went by way of the Spaniards to Highgate village.” Hampstead Heath would then be



reached after traversing country long since part of urban rather than suburban London. I made much the same sort of expedition a week ago, driving past Jack Straw's Castle and across to the Flask at Highgate, thinking how restricted our world has been made by petrol rationing. Once again this little trip is a day's adventure for the honest motorist.

Ten days before there had still been colour in the foliage, more than I can remember at this time of year long since, but in those ten days November had asserted itself and the trees were wintry skeletons, all the more naked in the spring sun which saw fit to shine.

An odd year of weather if ever there was one.

In the evening I took to reading Horace Walpole and came on this passage: "Old age is no such uncomfortable thing, if one gives oneself up to it with good grace, and don't drag it about to midnight dances and the public show."

"If one stays quietly in one's own house in the country, and cares for nothing but oneself, scolds one's servants, condemns everything that is new, and recollects how charming a thousand things were formerly that were very disagreeable, one gets over the winters very well, and the summers get over themselves."

This sort of thing makes me feel about twenty-one.

No one would have imagined as he came out of his club that he was a man wracked with a jealous fever, so unruffled—as usual—was his demeanour. Yet as he walked along Piccadilly in the darkness he swung his umbrella angrily. It had been a pleasant romance while it lasted; but it was over now. He was quite sure about that. How could it last with a girl he couldn't trust?

Opposite Half Moon Street he hailed a taxi. "Cheyne Walk," he said.

The taxi met the stream of traffic at Hyde Park Corner and for some minutes it was held almost stationary. He felt for a cigarette and found his case empty. Someone had been smoking a cigar in the taxi. The man opened the windows to clear the air. But when the fustiness of the cigar had gone another aroma crept up to take its place. A gentle fragrance, a perfume soft like silk. It seemed to grow in the darkness of the taxi.

He half shut his eyes and moved his arm along the empty seat beside him. It was *her* perfume. He remembered the day when after luncheon he had first bought it for her, how lovely she had looked and even had been so old-fashioned as to blush when they read its name—"When You're In Love." That had been a year ago. And now it was all over. How he had loved that girl!

It was a damnable perfume. It talked to him of soft nights by moonlit seas, and then when he breathed again, it suggested thick carpets and brocaded walls, the close femininity of boudoir and negligée draped across a couch.

The taxi drew up at its destination. He sat there for a moment, and sighed. No, he still loved her; he would always love her. He loved her too much reproach her. He got out, and as he felt for his change, took a farewell breath of the insidious sweetness.

"Sorry about the smell, guv'nor," said the driver. "It's an 'orrid stench, isn't it? One of these spiv types dropped a bottle of it there—probably pinched it, too—and I've spent two days trying to scrub the old cab out. Disgusting!"

There would be a point to this fable if it were known whether he and the girl are together again. Anyway, it was to her flat in Cheyne Walk that he was going that evening with angry reproach in his heart.

—Gordon Beckles

## DECEMBER

The months, those little years, go past,  
Cunningly short, made for procrastination.

"Next month will do—next month." Vain consolation;

This is December, and the last—

Twelfth of the twelve. The whole year's hopes,

High resolutions still in their tinsel wrapping

Now fill or fail. December, month of re-capping,

Month when at length—or not, one copes.

But yet as if you knew us frail

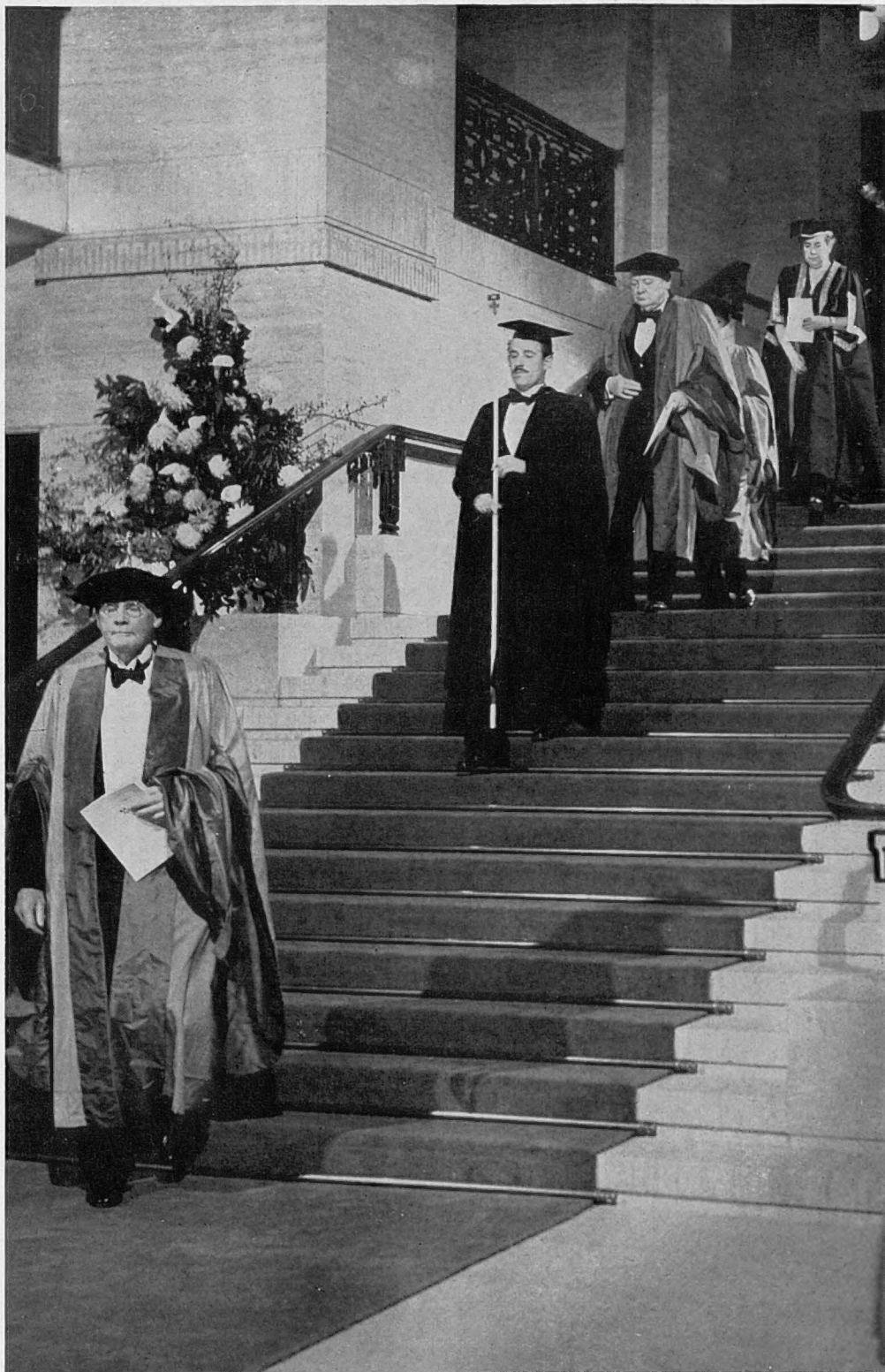
At your last minute you bring Christmas

knocking

To waken us; and in the moral stocking

To seek the gift. December, hail!

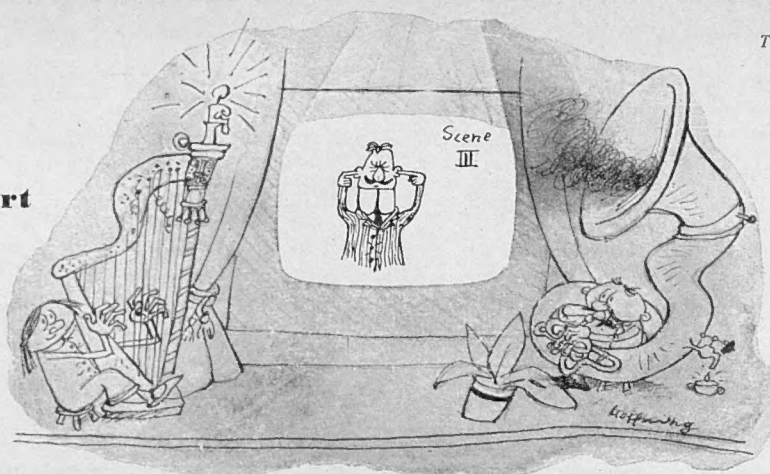
—Justin Richardson



**FOUNDATION DAY** at London University was marked by a reception given by the Chancellor, the Earl of Athlone, at which honorary degrees were conferred. The procession of honorary graduates is seen on its way to the William Beveridge Hall, led by Sir Ernest Pooley, a Member of the Court who received the degree of D.L. Behind the marshal are Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Walter de la Mare, who received Doctorates of Literature, and the Vice-Chancellor, Professor Lilian Penson



Freda Bruce Lockhart

[ Decoration  
by Hoffnung ]

# At The Pictures

## Silence Is Golden

FILMS have been growing longer—which is to say more slovenly—and noisier—to drown their own silliness—through the years. Would it be wishful to see in last week's two admirable pictures, *Rope* and *The Small Voice*, each without background music and each lasting less than an hour and twenty-five minutes, signs of a movement in the right direction of restoring discipline?

Music has always been a necessary accompaniment in the cinema, people say wisely, pointing back to silent films. Certainly; the pianist at the New London Film Society's recent splendid programmes commemorating the work of D. W. Griffith did his job superbly. But those were silent films. Since the coming of dialogue there is about as much point in plain background music as in the horrible habit of radio while you talk.

The truth is that the cinema has hardly learned how to use its voice; it can talk (after a fashion), play, sing, go bang-bang for war-films or thunderstorms—and very little else.

How seldom we hear a sound track as eloquent as that of *Monsieur Vincent* with its beautiful use of silence and natural sound: the opening, silent except for the note of a cuckoo, the clumping of the priest's boots on the cobbles, an occasional stone or lump of mud thrown at him, and then faintly, discreetly, the sound of music coming from the rich house where dancing is going on; and later again, the striking use of silence while Mr. Vincent lies in his squalid lodging listening to the noises made by the poor in the night.

Elementary enough compared with what a soundtrack could be, but how seldom we hear as much attempted. From the average Anglo-American soundtrack the most we can expect is a quasi-realistic use of music from Bach to boogie-woogie instead of its apparent mysterious omnipresence in the atmosphere.

CONSISTENCY in the introduction of a quite remarkable miscellany of noises is one of the merits of H. C. Potter's direction of *The Time of Your Life* (London Pavilion). The setting in a San Francisco saloon run by a masterfully benign William Bendix allows for the presence of slot-machine music, and James Cagney as the steadiest customer—a "mystic philosopher"—the synopsis calls him—can always find a nickel for Tune Number Seven (or Six) when background music is needed. A starving Negro comes to ask for a job and turns out to be a "superb boogie-woogie pianist" (synopsis again) very conveniently for Paul Draper, whose footwork is dazzling enough to revive my interest in what I had long thought

the dead art of tap-dancing. A Greek newsboy sings "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" in a lyric treble; a Salvation Army band strikes up a hymn I did not know, to which Mr. Bendix and Mr. Cagney render a duet *obligato*; a stray wanders in with a mouthorgan; and the only bit of music which I thought at first came from nowhere was evidently one of the effects of beating what the helpful synopsis tells me was a "pinball machine."

Only the blonde lovers, the black-browed villain (Tom Powers) and a richly bearded eccentric (James Barton) seem unmusical.

Music lends a semblance of coherence to an informal gathering which is a Cagney family affair (produced by William and starring James and Jeanne) from William Saroyan's "Multiple-Prize Play." Mr. Saroyan is fancied in America, I believe, as another mystic philosopher. What passes for philosophy in *The Time of Your Life* is the worst kind of whimsy-poesy on which our hard-boiled cousins sometimes go soft; but as "a comedy of characters, moods, tempo and arresting incidents" the goings-on are lively, original and funny—most often on purpose.

TOWARDS the end of *T-Men* (Tivoli and New Gallery) effective use is made of silence and natural sound as the cornered T-man (Dennis O'Keefe) tries to give the gang of counterfeits the slip. Silence greatly adds to the sense of menace (as does the interesting use of shadows on the stairs). Sounds that I took to be natural would be even more effective were it quite clear where the climax was taking place—on board ship or in a workshop?

One of the weaknesses of this minor pseudo-documentary account of the work of two undercover agents for the United States Treasury Department is its failure to make plain enough who is who and where is where. Perhaps even the confusion is an extra touch of authenticity. As for the clever touches, they are so few and far between as to seem almost accidental and there is as much inept music as pointed silence.

WITH *The Voice of the Turtle* (Warner) the soundtrack relapses into the usual lazy muddle. Music is taken out into the foreground—as when Eleanor Parker tells Ronald Reagan that "The Londonderry Air" is her lucky tune—and then put back again for the tune to be played in various tempi or as a hornpipe to introduce a naval character.

None of this matters except to accentuate the lightweight, musical comedy character of Mr. Van Druten's play.

On the screen at least the story of a determinedly chaste young woman (actress) who puts up a nice young man (G.I.) on her sitting-room divan seems almost the oldest basic theme in talkies—at least as old as the Gable-Colbert Walls of Jericho in *It Happened One Night*.

IF *The Voice of the Turtle* were a quarter of an hour shorter its amiable boredom would be perfectly tolerable. Mr. Reagan makes the G.I. honourably charming. Miss Parker plays the coy, dreamy actress—a trying part—with a careful conscientiousness which is more endearing than charm and recalls that Warners seem to be grooming her to succeed Bette Davis in due course. And Eve Arden is always amusing, even when she overacts as much as this. But there is no excuse for allowing this trifle to meander on for 102 minutes.

There used to be a sound general rule that a film needed a better reason than laziness and lack of ideas to run over the ninety-minute mark. Licence by now has been so much abused that here time can be taken to let Miss Parker demonstrate on two successive nights her patent technique for turning down a divan.

MUSICAL allusion is not the only thing that gets out of hand in *It's Hard to be Good*, which tries just a little too hard and too long to be terribly funny about an ex-officer's attempts to preach goodwill—if necessary with his fists. Thanks to Jimmy Hanley's genial performance it succeeds quite often in a homely way, though Frank Capra used to do this sort of story rather better.

Most undisciplined of all is *Cass Timberlane* (Empire) in which M-G-M takes Lana Turner a further stage in her progress from pin-up girl to tragedienne, and casts her opposite Spencer Tracy.

Miss Turner remains obstinately lively although she has been loaded down again, as in *Homecoming*, with a thickly orchestrated accompaniment of funereal pomposity—lest we should fail to recognize the solemnity of the occasion—and yet another sick-bed scene. The niceties of Sinclair Lewis's Middle Western social distinctions and their contrast with New York intellectual high life become hopelessly blurred in spite of some pleasant performances by experts like Mary Astor in absurdly small parts. And although the film is stretched to the monstrous length of a hundred and seventeen minutes, it tells us no more than that Spencer Tracy is a faultless film actor, but that marriage between Mr. Tracy and Miss Turner would not be smooth going.

In the same length of time *Paisa* told six stories and *Quartet* four.

**MILA PARELY**, the French stage and screen star, who has just completed playing the part of a French Communist girl in Sydney Box's film *Cockpit*, has starred in over forty films in her native country. She is married to a Scottish racing motorist, Capt. "Taso" Mathieson, and they have recently moved into a new flat in Sloane Street. London audiences will remember her for her performance in Cocteau's *La Belle et la Bête*, in which she was one of the merchant's daughters. She made her first appearance in films with Charles Boyer in Fritz Lang's *Liliom*, and in other French pictures she has co-starred with Edith Piaf, Georges Guétary, Tino Rossi, Pierre Renoir and Michel Simon. Last year she made her British screen début in *Snowbound*, and hopes to stay here and make further pictures









*Hermione of the Poisoned Arrow* trips purposefully round the Shaftesbury Avenue parish pump in company with vigorous slingster Walter Crisham. Below are associates and accomplices Pamela Kail, Christopher Hewett, Gretchen Franklin with Dodo, and Wallis Eaton, the umbrella man

Anthony Cookman

Illustration  
by Tom Titt

## At The Theatre

### "Slings and Arrows" (Comedy)

EVERYONE by this time is supposed to know that the two *Hermiones* of intimate revue are horribly jealous rivals and never miss a chance to slap each other's reputation in public. And everyone—everyone who is supposed to matter—knows that Miss Gingold and Miss Baddeley are good friends and take a sporting interest in the sham fight which they carry on from revue to revue.

Shrewd blows have been exchanged during the past few years, but one's duty is to report a temporary deadlock. *Hermione* is, of course, *Hermione's* "Mum," and whoever is the last to give this cruel innuendo currency has the laugh on her side. It is Miss Gingold's turn.

SHE would, all the same, have done better to think up something quite fresh about Miss Baddeley than to single out for her envenomed fun certain important people behind the theatrical scenes. Miss Baddeley is such a well-known comic character that we can all enjoy a joke at her expense, knowing that she will, when opportunity serves, give as good as she gets. Some of Miss Gingold's victims in this revue—which is perilously akin to a Sunday night Green Room "Rag" put together for the amusement of actors—are mere names to the million. The names have some sort of echo, but it comes through so many of the theatre's private doors that, for most of us, the joke gets lost on the way.

This parochialism is one, but not the only reason for disappointment. The *Sweet and Low* series made liberal and effective use of theatrical gossip, but all three editions were witty in their parochialism, and a revue which has wit can afford, after all, to play round what parish pump it pleases.

IT is a long while since the programme of a revue not twenty-four hours old in my mind has meant so little to me as the programme of *Slings and Arrows*. "Sit down a minute, Medea?"—there is no forgetting that item. It is Miss Gingold at her most outrageous, using the gestures appropriate to Greek tragic acting, but insisting on their appropriateness all too strenuously, catching the intonation of Miss Eileen Herlie and prolonging it to absurdity. "Blanchisseuse Heureuse?"—Miss Gingold again, a very refined and very repressed laundress viciously burning holes in the garments of famous ones who excite her envy; and "Masseuse?" essentially the same sketch, with Miss Gingold showing a different sort of refinement and a different sort of repression.

"Bless the Show?"—there is no difficulty there: a good-natured little burlesque which turns the period charm of Sir Alan Herbert's revue to humorous account. "Twilight in the Tuilleries?" Yes, a good conventional piece of Parisian senti-

ment with a charming song which Mr. Walter Crisham will sing charmingly when he has recovered his voice, lost to us on the first night through laryngitis. "Send me back to Naples?" Memory recalls Mr. Crisham sighing as a demobilized soldier for the joys of Italian opera, a slight thing, but effectively nostalgic.

"Taken as Red?"—that certainly is Miss Gwen Chenell plaintively indignant that instead of being decently sacked from her office she has fallen ignominiously to a political purge. "Pet Aversion"—no less certainly Miss Gretchen Franklin lamenting that Mr. Eric Portman has degraded his act as a film star by returning to the stage as someone without a vestige of glamour. "The Gods Look Down?"—the professional boozers, of course, with Miss Gingold in the lead, a highly successful affair.

BUT there are at least as many more items still to be accounted for, and I cannot account for them. What was the point of "Come for a bathe at Brighton," of "Thanks, Mr. Rank," of "General knowledge," of "Botticelli Angel," of the rest. In all fairness I must assume that they had a point, but what it was clean escapes me in every instance. Parochialism is not the only trouble: there is a plentiful lack of wit, surprising in an entertainment devised in part by Miss Gingold herself.

**FRANCIS LISTER**, the latest objective of Emmwood's fluent brush, has now played the part of the Parisian antique dealer in Sacha Guitry's *Don't Listen, Ladies* at the St. James's well over a hundred times. He is one of the most distinguished living members of the Conquest theatrical family, which goes back to 1800, and is a direct descendant of the famous clown Grimaldi. A Londoner, he made his first appearance on the stage in 1914, and, besides his work on the stage, has been in films for twenty years, his more recent screen appearances including rôles in *The Wicked Lady* and *Henry V*. He served with the gunners in both wars









*Hunt followers and spectators gather outside Knepp Castle, near Horsham, on a brilliant November morning*

## THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM OPEN THEIR SEASON

A Big Field Assembled for the Meet at Knepp Castle



*Lady Marye Pepys, eldest daughter of the Earl of Cottenham, who lives at Coolham, Sussex*



*Three smart turnouts by Miss Heather Anstey, Miss Bridget Devereux and Miss J. Vaughan*



*Miss F. Howell keeps an eye on two very youthful followers, Mary Woods and Valerie Carter*





*Lt.-Col. Henry Green, the Joint-Master, with his wife, who is hon. secretary*



*Mrs. H. G. Gregson, who is the other Joint-Master of the Hunt, mounted on her fine grey*



*Mrs. Clarke, wife of Col. R. Clarke, M.P., Master of the Old Surrey and Burstow*



*Lord Rotherwick, the shipowner, and Lady Rotherwick came over from Sedgwick Park to watch*



*Major R. G. Borradaile, Lt.-Col. D. Welsh, Miss Conway-Gordon and Col. and Mrs. Convey-Gordon*



*One-year-old Tony Clarke assesses the finer points of Ringdove with an expert air*

## HUNTING NOTES

**H**UNTING in Lincolnshire is now in full swing. Most of the county packs have made a start and so far the Belvoir meets have been on a prodigious scale. At Croxton Park, Sir Hugh Cholmeley, chairman of the Hunt Committee, presented to Lord Daresbury (a former Master) a painting by R. Millais, a grandson of Sir John Millais, of a picture of the hounds with the huntsman George Tongue, in front of Belvoir Castle. Accompanying the gift was a book containing the names of all the subscribers. This was a mark of esteem, affection and gratitude for all Lord Daresbury had done for the Hunt during the years of the war. Among those present at the ceremony were the Duke of Rutland and Major J. R. Hanbury (Joint-Masters), the Duchess of Rutland, the Earl of Westmorland, Lord John Manners, Lady Cholmeley, Lady Pilkington, Lady Helena Hilton-Greene and other well-known habitués of the hunting-field.

So far there has been no lack of foxes, and the crowds have been some of the largest on record. At Folkingham, where the market-place was filled with riders, people in cars and on foot, hounds had a very busy day, and one fox (an outlier), disturbed near Pointon Cottage, took hounds right across to Aslackby Wood. During the day, the first whipper-in, R. Perkins, took a cropper and had to be taken to Grantham Hospital for treatment. Children home from school for the half-term have been out in full force.

**A**FTER meeting at Hulcott, the Whaddon Chase found in Hulcott Covert, but enjoyed the best hunt of the day on a fox from Aston Abbots.

Everyone was pleased to see the Master, Major C. S. Drabble, none the worse for the argument which he had had with a harrow on the previous Saturday.

A few days later saw these hounds at Thornborough, and a fox from Pilch turned short of Great Horwood before being lost near the Nash-Singleborough road. The day's proceedings ended with a fast but ringing twenty minutes on a fox from Thornton Duck Pen.

**A**FTER a satisfactory cub-hunting the Woodland Pytchley hounds opened the season at Brigstock. Little could be done with foxes in the furze at Fermyn Woods, but from Spring Wood hounds ran over the Benefield road and lost their fox near Kyveden. Later they ran from Banham Wood to Baresbanks, and more slowly on through Bradshaw Wood to Souther Wood.

**T**HE Warwickshire opening meet took place at Upton House; and, that evening, the owner of that beautiful place, the father of the M.F.H., Major Samuel, passed away after nearly two years of failing health. It will never be forgotten there how much the Hunt owes to him; for one thing, the gorse he planted on his estate, known as "Christmas Gorse," because of a brilliant gallop which took place from it the first time it was drawn, after a Boxing Day meet at Upton House some seventeen or eighteen years ago when the fox took to the Vale almost at once, and was killed close to Pillerton New Covert.

Hounds did not, of course, go out again until after the funeral, but fulfilled their engagement to meet at Major Brackenbury's house, Little Hill Farm, on the

Saturday, when, in spite of favourable scenting conditions, not much sport was enjoyed, chiefly owing to short-running foxes.

**T**HE opening meet of the Meynell took place on Saturday, November 6th, at Vernons Oak, and Major and Mrs. Leigh Newton entertained a very large field in their usual hospitable way. A useful day's sport followed, and timber took its usual toll—we were sorry for the young lady who got dislodged over her horse's tail. Sir Ian and Lady Walker have again offered Osmaston Manor for the Hunt Ball next month. The Subscribers' and Farmers' Ball, held a few days before the opening meet, was a huge success and voted the best ever.

**T**HE Beaufort started the season at Leighterton, and a good day followed. A fast 45 minutes from Didmorton via Park Wood and Apsmore, past Oldbury to Silkwood, was followed by an enjoyable hunt from Rough Grounds to Easton Grey. Since then we have had continuous good sport, notably from Tolldown and Cherington.

Our deepest sympathy goes to three casualties, the Duchess of Norfolk, Christabel Lady Amptill, and Major John Miller—the last-named on the first day of his leave.

Someone has shown us how a blue-and-buff swallow-tail coat should be worn, and Geoffrey is not the only man now, we hear, who rides side-saddle.







Cullum, Windsor

*The Group at Queen's Acre, Windsor, residence of Col. the Hon. Sir George and Lady Crichton, after the christening of their granddaughter, Fenella Jane Crichton, at Holy Trinity Church. Behind: Sir Derrick Gunston, Col. John Clarke, Scots Guards, Major Richard Crichton, Coldstream Guards (godfathers), Col. Douglas Cleaver, Col. the Hon. Sir George Crichton and Mr. David Crichton. In front: Lady Mary Crichton, Mrs. Alastair Nicholson (representing Mrs. N. Campbell, godmother), Miss Anne Crichton (representing Lady Peake, godmother), Mrs. David Crichton with her infant daughter, Lady Codrington (godmother) and Mrs. Douglas Cleaver*

*Jennifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

**Court News:** For the first week of his life our youngest prince had none but Royal visitors—members of the Royal Family headed by Queen Mary, who came several times to see him in the afternoons in his cot in the temporary nursery on the second floor of the Palace. Only later did Princess Elizabeth ask one or two of her close personal friends to come and see the baby. No one of this small band has yet ventured to hazard an opinion whether the young prince takes after his mother or his father. He has fair hair, and, like the vast majority of babies, blue eyes, but so far there is no definite resemblance to one side of the family or the other.

Being born in November, even in a mild winter like this, had its disadvantages, among them the fact that very early outings were impossible. It was not until the baby was a good many days old that Princess Elizabeth allowed him to be taken out for a short time in the Palace grounds in her own old pram refurbished for the new generation.

But the double windows of the old Royal school-room, put there to prevent the noise of traffic from disturbing Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret at their lessons, were wide open most mornings and afternoons while the Royal infant was sleeping inside.

**T**HE 500 Ball at Claridges, in aid of the British Rheumatic Association, was more like a really gay private dance than the usual charity ball. Guests dined in the rooms adjoining the ballroom, around which small tables were arranged for them to sit at between dances. There was an excellent cabaret, a tombola with prizes varying from pheasants to a jar of bath-salts, and "lucky number" programmes, but wisely there was no auction. So many people, especially among the younger generation, find auctions which drag on and on very tedious in the middle of a dance.

The ball was run by two joint chairmen, Mrs. Martin Holt and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Hastings, who had two of her three attractive daughters with her. Her youngest girl, Bridget, who is secretary to the B.R.A., I saw dancing a reel enthusiastically. Miss Hermione Hastings

was with another group of friends; their other sister, Felicity, they told me, is out in Malta, where she also is doing a secretarial job, and in her off-duty hours enjoying the gaiety of the G.C. island. Among the many young dancers who brought parties were Miss Judy Dugdale, the Hon. Ralph Mansfield, and Miss Angela Rutter, very pretty in a cream net dress with her hair beautifully groomed.

Also dancing I saw Mr. P. Cator, Miss Anne Eden, Miss Una Shelley, Capt. R. Crewdson, Mr. Midson, Miss Monica Battine and Miss Ann Stirling.

**A** FEW nights before they returned to the United States I met Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at a party given for them by the English-Speaking Union at their headquarters in Charles Street. These premises are expanding again, as the Union, who already have four houses together on the south side of Charles Street, have now bought another house on the north side. Mr. Fairbanks told me he and his wife were hurrying back to the States now to see their children, but he hoped to be back next year to make a picture.



Following Lord Wakehurst, who made a short speech introducing Mr. Fairbanks, who has been over in Europe in connection with the C.A.R.E. parcels sent to Europe, the guest of honour made a very interesting speech. Mr. Fairbanks, who served in the U.S. Navy with distinction during the war, seeing a lot of active service and gaining among other awards our D.S.C., is now interesting himself in world affairs. He is on the board and an active member of the United Nations Association of America.

Lady Wakehurst could not come to the party with her husband, owing, he told me, to another previous engagement. Lt.-Col. Dod Parker, the very tall Member for the Banbury Division of Warwickshire, was among those I saw chatting to Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks; also Sir Ralph and Lady Bond, who take a great interest in the Union, Lady Cohen, Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Douglas and Lady Evill; he is Director-General of the Union.

THE President, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, and members of the committee of the Margaret McMillan Memorial Fund are making a special appeal for funds, to raise the second half of their £250,000 target. Mr. Greenwood gave a tea-party in the Members' dining-room of the House of Commons, when guests heard about the National Sale and Fair, which is now running at the Empire Hall, Olympia, until December 8th. There are numerous stalls and side-shows, and auctions daily of the wonderful gifts presented by the country's leading manufacturers.

SOME hunts planned their hunt balls very early this year, fearing that once again this winter there might be no basic petrol ration. Two of these were the Ashford Valley and the Cotswold. The Ashford Valley held a very successful ball at Tudor House, Bearsted, where they limited the number of tickets to 370 so that the ballroom would not be too overcrowded. Many who left it until late to apply for their tickets had, I was told, to be disappointed, as the committee wisely decided not to exceed their limits.

Among those who brought parties were the Master, Mr. Chester Beatty, Jnr., Mrs. D. E. Walker, who is the hard-working hon. secretary, and the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Tufton; he hunted this pack last season. Lord Allenby, who was on the committee, came over from Biddenden, and Sir Reginald and Lady Rootes brought a party from Rumwood Court. Among other keen hunting enthusiasts who enjoyed this ball until the early hours of the morning were Mrs. C. E. Winter and Mrs. S. W. Highwood, who both brought parties; also Major H. Allfrey and Mr. W. Day, who are Joint-Masters of the neighbouring Mid-Kent Stagounds.

THE Cotswold Hunt held their ball once again at the Plough Hotel, Cheltenham. Here guests numbered nearly 500. The flowers at this ball were really beautiful: chrysanthemums of every colour, shape and size were massed in both the ballroom and supper-room. Many members of the hunt brought parties, including Mrs. Shennan, whose large party from Shepton Oliffe Manor included the new Master, Capt. R. Wallace, and his wife. Mrs. John Elwes, Mrs. Mews, Admiral Sir Francis Marten, and his son, Lt.-Cdr. Marten, and Mr. Coxwell-Rogers were also there.

Others among the dancers were Mr. John Healing and his sister Jane, Major W. Hicks-Beach, the prospective Conservative candidate for Cheltenham, and his wife, Lt.-Col. Lloyd Harford, who has been honorary secretary to this hunt since 1929, Major Sidney Villar,

Brig. C. P. Prescott, Miss Mary Cohen and Miss Betty Lawrie. There was an "after-the-ball" meet at Fulford, when a field of over 150 enthusiasts enjoyed an excellent day's sport.

I MET Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier shortly after their return from their tour of Australia and New Zealand with the Old Vic Company. They both looked bronzed and exceedingly well. Sir Laurence, who was still walking with the aid of a stick, having had a cartilage removed before he sailed for home, said his leg was nearly sound again. They both seemed thrilled to be back for, as Lady Olivier (Vivien Leigh) said, "nine months seems a long time when you are so many thousand miles away." I was interested to hear about the audiences they played to on their tour, often in vast theatres like our biggest cinemas, a contrast to the rather intimate atmosphere of the New Theatre, where they have had such a success and where, they told me, they are opening again about mid-January in *The School for Scandal*.

I WENT to a fork luncheon party given jointly by two very youthful hostesses, Miss Felicity Ingleby-Mackenzie and Miss Anne Hanby-Holmes, whose home is at Barnard Castle. Surg.-Capt. and Mrs. Ingleby-Mackenzie lent their daughter their attractive house in Drayton Gardens for the party. Many of the guests, like their young hostesses, who have both been taking secretarial courses, were about to launch forth on varied careers. Doreen Lady Hare's nineteen-year-old daughter Jean, who looked attractive in a brown suit, told me she is studying hard at R.A.D.A. and longing for the time when she gets a chance on the stage. Her brother Thomas captained the Eton cricket XI. last year and was one of the youngest boys ever to get into the eleven; this he did when he was fifteen years old. Miss Anne Trevelyan, who lives in Northumberland, has been taking a secretarial course, and so has Miss Susan Standish.



Bassano

**The Hon. Joanna Phoebe Rodd**, eldest of the four daughters of Lord Rennell of Rodd, of Presteigne, Radnorshire. Her father, the former diplomat and explorer, was Chief Political Officer during the invasion of Italy

at the Monkey Club, were two other young girls at this amusing party.

PRINCESS MARGARET has promised to attend the gala performance of the ballet *Coppelia*, to be given at the London Casino on December 10th in aid of the Denville Home for Old Actors. Mrs. Norman Crowther, who is always one of the first people to help any good cause, is chairman of the performance and is working hard to make it a great success. She came down from her home in North Wales to hold her first committee meeting, and now I hear plans are well advanced for what promises to be a very enjoyable evening.

Another busy person is Lady Hamond-Graeme, who has taken on the arduous task of chairman and honorary organiser for the



**The Duke of Edinburgh**, aged three, a picture of particular interest in view of the birth of a son to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke. It was taken in Paris in 1924, and is signed by the Duke's mother, Princess Andrew of Greece

International Ball to be held at the Dorchester on December 13th. This is a dinner dance with a cabaret under the auspices of the United Nations Association of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and is in aid of the Association's National Appeal Fund. Formed in 1945, it is an association of private citizens supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and already has 800 local branches in all parts of Britain. Its council for education in world citizenship and the U.N. Student Association services hundreds of schools and all the universities. U.N.A. in this country is not alone in this work, for already forty-eight U.N. Associations in other countries are linked together in the World Federation of U.N. Associations.

AMONG those helping Lady Hamond-Graeme to make this ball a gigantic success are Lord Queenborough and Sir Clarence Sudd, who are the honorary treasurers, the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys, Mr. Alan and Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, and Sir Harry and Lady Hague, who are among the vice-chairmen. Also Sir Hugh and Lady Gurney, Viscount Bruce, the Duke of Portland, Mrs. Brian Buchel, the Marchioness of Salisbury, Lord Killearn and the Marchioness of Tweeddale, who are on the committee. There is also a young committee headed by Mrs. Gerald Legge, aided by the Hon. Lady Broughton, Miss Judy Dugdale, the Hon. Cecil Paget, Miss Lavinia Emmet and several others.

Another ball that week is the Actresses' Yuletide Ball, also at the Dorchester, on December 16th. Lady Waddilove is the chairman of this ball, which is in aid of the Women's Adjustment Board and Actresses' League, and helping her as vice-presidents are many stage celebrities, including Yvonne Arnaud, Dame Irene Vanbrugh, Cathleen Nesbitt and Marie Burke.

To-day and to-morrow, December 1st and 2nd, Lady Woolton is holding her annual Christmas Cracker Bazaar at the May Fair Hotel. Always a wonderful hunting-ground for Christmas gifts, this bazaar is in aid of the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs.





Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser, the guest of honour, speaking at the recent Allies Welcome Committee reception at the Dorchester, the first for a year. There were over 600 guests, including many Ambassadors and representatives of Dominions Governments

## The First Sea Lord at the Allies Welcome Reception



Viscount Simon, who was there with Viscountess Simon (seated), hands a drink to Lady Annaly



Col. Victor Poudov, Russian Assistant Military Attaché, talking to Earl and Countess Wavell



Lord and Lady Denham chatting with Lady Forres, whose husband is vice-president of the Hispanic Council



Mr. W. H. McGrath (deputy chairman), Marie Marchioness of Willingdon (vice-president) and Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Bt., M.P. (chairman and founder) receive the Norwegian Military Attaché



A party including Air Cdre. and Mrs. M. W. Buckley, of Christchurch, N.Z., G/Capt. and Mrs. Calder, Miss Groome and F/Lt. and Mrs. Free, of Wellington, Lt. M. S. Mann, from the Punjab, and Lt. B. S. Rekhi, of Delhi



# Wedding of Capt. the Hon. Francis Legh

To Miss Ruadh Daphne Holmes-Watson



Mr. G. Sandeman with the Hon. Gwendolen Meysey-Thompson, youngest daughter of the late Lord Knaresborough



The Countess of Erroll and her husband, Capt. Iain Moncreiffe, were at the reception at Claridge's



Mr. Smith Ryland and Mrs. Robert Bensley were two more of the large number of guests



Miss P. Corry, Miss J. Corry and Mr. Montagu Corry drink to the health of bride and groom



Mr. Michael Inchbald and Mr. Peter Buchanan were there to offer their felicitations



Miss E. Howard and Mr. David Egerton with the Hon. Mrs. A. Seed and Major A. Seed



Mr. Robert Dolby with Lady Walker. The wedding was at St. George's, Hanover Square



Lord and Lady Newton with Mr. and Mrs. Derek A. Jackson, aunt and uncle of the bride



The bride and bridegroom after the ceremony. The Hon. Francis Legh is the younger son of Lord and Lady Newton, and the bride is the daughter of the late Mr. Alan Holmes-Watson and of the late Mrs. Jack Mason

Swaebe





Mr. F. E. Hillman, Mrs. Geoffrey Taylor,  
 Mr. Geoffrey Taylor, Mrs. Hillman, Mr. T. F.  
 Alexander and Miss Sylvia Alexander



Mr. Noel Porter and Miss Ann de Beer with Major and  
 Mrs. Noel Palmer at the Ball, which was held at Inwood,  
 the residence of the Master, Miss Guest

## The Blackmore Vale (Miss Guest's) Hunt Ball at Templecombe, Somerset



Mrs. H. W. Cole, Mrs. Eric Tory, Mr. Eric Tory and Major H. W. Cole  
 were also there. The hunt covers the eastern half of the Blackmore Vale  
 country, on loan to Miss Guest



Mr. David Shingleton with Miss A. Guest,  
 M.F.H., and Mr. Vaughan



Mrs. Baron and Col. D. Baxter discuss the  
 prospects for the current season



Another party included Miss M. Williams, Mr. S. T. Hopkins,  
 Air Cdre. Howard-Williams, Mrs. Howard-Williams and Mr. and  
 Mrs. L. C. Hopkins



Miss Faith Cooper and Mr. A. E. Saul have a  
 break for refreshment at this very enjoyable  
 West Country occasion





### Officers of the Royal Malta Artillery Hold a Dance at the Union Club, Sliema

Lt.-Col. J. V. Abela and the officers of No. 1 Coast Regiment, R.M.A., recently held a very successful dance at the Sliema Club, when the guests included several distinguished visitors to Malta, G.C. Above are Count Francis Sant Cassia, Miss Jo Pullicino, daughter of Sir Philip and Lady Pullicino, Capt. Bernard Portelli, R.M.A., and Miss Mary Degiorgio

Countess Mountbatten dancing with Col. Abela. She was there with the Earl, who commands the First Cruiser Squadron

# Priseilla

# in Paris

## A Whistling in the Air

THE practice of optimism is a thankless task nowadays. Last week I gaily wrote that "things were looking up," and was joyous because it seemed as if the Paris *agents de police* would soon be able to put their tin helmets into anti-rust storage! A few days later one of my prettiest hats was wrecked by a dollop of cast-iron grating that missed the policeman for whom it was intended.

It is true that I had no business to mix up in the free-for-all that took place in the Champs-Élysées that afternoon, and that started while I was half-weeping, half-thrilling over the trials and tribulations of *Oliver Twist* at the Ermitage cinema. The audience was evacuated through back doors into the rue de Ponthieu, but when one has a Press card and almost as much curiosity as the elephant—what would you? After all, the cost of a new hat was not much to pay for the fun of being a ringside spectator of one of the prettiest mix-ups since August '44, when I drove an ambulance over the flowerbeds of those same Elysian fields in order to dodge a German *mitraillette*. But while the '44 song and dance filled one with elation at the swift approach of Liberation and its ensuing freedom, our present troubles are soul-searing as we realise what has been done with that freedom.

FEELING in need of a little peace and beauty and dignity, I made my way, later that afternoon, to the Palais Royal, where I had a call to make. The gardens of the grand seventeenth-century monument that was built by Lemercier for Cardinal Richelieu, and then bore the name Palais Cardinal, are usually almost deserted, although in the heart of Paris and so close to the Louvre. The pigeons and sparrows have it all their own way, hardly disturbed by the children, nursemaids, mid-day mininettes and old people who are the rare habitués.

It is a beautiful and restful spot. Many famous people live in the flats above the old-world

shops that lurk in semi-gloom under the arcades that surround the gravel paths and parterres, and that are enclosed by tall, gilt-tipped iron railings. The great writer, Colette (Mme. Maurice Goudekot), who, suffering from neuritis, rarely leaves the movable couch that can be pushed from one sunlit window to another, has a charming home at tree-top height above the garden. In *l'Étoile Vesper*, one of her most beautiful books, many exquisite pages are devoted to this oasis in the midst of the great city.

Jean Marais, screen star of so many French films that have been seen in London, lives near by and daily takes his beloved dog, Malouk, for a constitutional in the gardens. It is strictly forbidden to let dogs off the lead, but one has the idea that in this case the guardians look the other way. They are probably film fans. Jean Cocteau is also a Palais-Royalite (or should I say "Royalist"?), and that charming singer, Mireille, who composes her own songs and plays her own accompaniments.

IT is too early for the pre-Christmas rush of productions, and yet every evening this week there have been first nights at the theatres. Two of the three most successful plays have been adapted from American hits: Robert E. Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* at the Théâtre St. Georges (one of the most convenient theatres in Paris, since it stands above a Metro station) and *Les Enfants d'Edouard*, by F. Jackson and R. Bottomley. The American title of *Les Enfants* is not given on the programme, so why give the name of the adaptor, although he has made an excellent job of it, and the Théâtre de la Madeleine will certainly play to capacity throughout the winter.

The all-French play that simply must be seen by French-speaking visitors to Paris is Jean Anouilh's *Ardèle ou la Marguerite* at the Comédie des Champs-Élysées, that smart little playhouse above the big theatre of the same name, where

the Ballets des Champs-Élysées, Jean Babilée leading, are again enchanting Paris. The city has lost its heart to a young newcomer, Leslie Caron, a strange, enigmatic beauty who dances the rôle of the Sphinx in *La Rencontre*, a new ballet by Henri Sautet, choreography by David Lichine and, of course, costumes by Bébé Bérard.

Jean Anouilh's play cannot, in all fairness, be synopsised. It is too complex. Happy lovers in their first, fine frenzies will roar with laughter at its comedy. Their more experienced elders will smile ruefully and find "a most humorous sadness" in their melancholy. An all-star company plays brilliantly, and the period is, enchantingly, comically—nineteen hundred.

THERE is only one snag to play-going at the Comédie des Champs-Élysées. The immense electric lifts that used to waft one to the fifth floor on which it is built, are always out of commission, cuts or no cuts. The other evening this gave us a chance to see how the Sillies are managing the 4½-in. heels that Fool Fashion now ordains for evening wear. The going-up was not so bad—it is easy to tip-toe upstairs—but coming down was *une autre affaire*, and several Lovelies came to grief. Three of them took quite bad tosses, and one had to be carried to her car with a sprained ankle. In these days of tempestuous petticoats one might at least aspire to foot comfort, but fashion's bond-slaves are always ready to trip where angels fear to tread.

# Voilà!

● One of the most amusing mots in Jean Anouilh's new play is spoken by the precocious schoolboy who is snubbed by the maid he half-heartedly tries to kiss: "Oh! all right . . . but you just wait till I REALLY want to!"



*A pastoral scene in the grounds of Girton College, with a group of students pursuing their studies in the open air. Their caps and gowns are indicative of their new status as full members of the University*

## “The Tatler” with—THE GIRLS OF GIRTON



Who have recently been admitted to the full privileges of Cambridge University

FOR seventy-five years, ever since the establishment of Girton College at Cambridge by Miss Emily Davies and Mme. Bodichon in 1873, women students have been pressing for admission to full membership of the University. Proposals to this end made in 1897, and again after World War I., were defeated, though as a result of the second attempt women became eligible for professorships and other offices, and were granted titular degrees.

H.M. the Queen, therefore, made history when, in October, in the cap and robes of a Doctor of Laws, she became the first woman to be admitted to full membership and the first to speak on receiving a degree. The women of Girton and Newnham are now granted ordinary degrees and in all respects rank equal with the men. As an outward and visible sign of their achievement, they wear the black gown and mortar-board.

The students, coming from all parts of the country, live in the College, each occupying a light, airy, very agreeably furnished room. Most of them cycle into Cambridge every day to attend lectures or to be coached by their tutors.

*Photographs by Chris Ware*







*Walking through the grounds, Sylvia Lightburne, of Upchurch, Kent, stops for a chat with her friend, Wendy Sadie, of Harrow*



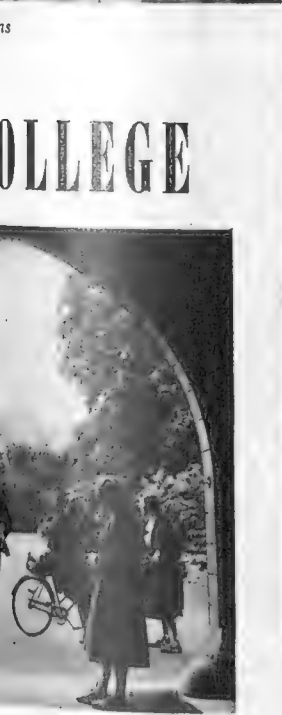
*Studying in a corner of the fine College library are undergraduates P. L. Holroyd and J. P. Garrod*



*In the light from a deeply-mullioned window, student B. E. Stone makes notes in another part of the library*



*Pausing in a wing of the College to look at portraits of past mistresses and tutors are E. F. Williams, R. H. Caldwell and D. D. Seddon*



COLLEGE



*Miss N. C. Jolliffe, Director of Classical Studies at Girton, lectures an intent group of undergraduates who have gathered in her private room*



Mr. F. E. Wright, Master of the Naas Harriers, and Mrs. Wright at the meet



Miss Magda Boylan, Miss M. O'Kelly and Miss Mary O'Kelly waiting for their horses



Mrs. Stanley Lyon, one of the most popular members of the Hunt, waiting to move off



Miss M. Sweetman and Miss M. O'Kelly, very cheerful at the prospect of a fine day



Peter leads his sister Veronica down to the meet on her pony, while their mother, Mrs. Gerald Sweetman, supervises the expedition



The Misses Ann and Avia Daly, daughters of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Daly. They live at Blessington, Co. Wicklow



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Denis Daly with Baron de Robeck and the Baroness de Robeck. Lt.-Col. Daly and the Baron hunted hounds in the absence of Major Michael Beaumont



Mrs. Dermot MacGillycuddy spends a little time before the move off making friends with the hounds, while Jack Hartigan, the huntsman, stands by

Fennell, Dublin







*Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn, the famous show jumper and member of the British Olympic team, at the International Horse Show in Paris with Miss Mary Whitehead. Col. Llewellyn won the coveted Prix de l'Etoile on his horse Monty, and Miss Whitehead was third after a very fine display on Nobbler*

## Sabretache

# Pictures in the Fire



"Many a hat thrown in the air"

**T**O the countless other loyal congratulations, the writer of these notes (since the middle of this very month, 1915) humbly craves to add one. It is quite unnecessary to wish this future King of England a good start, since he has a magnificent one; all that remains is to wish him Godspeed, Good Luck and a lead and the best of each fence as it comes. Part of his great heritage is high courage, and we therefore know that, however big and forbidding the obstacles ahead may be, he will face them boldly.

**S**INCE by the time the November meeting at Aintree comes round, the flat season is at the bottom of the ebb, our attention perforce is much more closely riveted upon the roll-bowl-or-pitch side of things, and will continue so to be until the flood begins to make in March next year. The moment the National has been thrown behind us we shall at once start to wrangle about the Two Thousand and chaw up the chances of Abernant in the Derby. On paper he is a stone-cold certainty for the first classic. At this moment, however, the jumpers have it all to themselves, and some people who have been watching them perform over those great ramparts at Liverpool are as busy as beavers picking out the Grand National winner for us.

Diligence is always commendable, but, as even the Sefton is not a definite signpost to that supreme test, myself I believe that, if ever there were an occasion for looking before we leap, it is when these early-on performances tempt us to see swans in what, after all, may be no more than ducks and drakes. The National is 4 miles 856 yards, pretty nearly the half mile; the Sefton is half a furlong short of 3 miles, say, roundly, 1½ miles shorter than the National. A clear case here of the little more and how much it is! The Becher, Molyneux and Valentine are even shorter, so that is why I have always believed that seeing the "Grand National type" in any horse that may collect

any of these stirring preliminaries is taking an undue risk.

**E**VERYONE was naturally glad to see gallant Lord Mildmay score his first win over Aintree when he steered his own new purchase, Lecale Prince, home in the Sefton, for we cannot forget Davy Jones and that broken rein when he looked to have the National in his pocket, or how Lord Mildmay rode Cromwell home in last year's G.N. with what looked like a broken neck, but luckily was not, and how he cannot have seen much of the last few fences and was in great pain to boot.

Many a hat will be thrown in the air if he collects that one thing on earth every steeple-chasin' chap covets next March 25th. No one will deserve it better than he does. He always was wont to go bold at them, as I can recall from Bicester days, and I wondered even then whether one day he would not pilot a National winner. This was after a real bustler with the Bicester bitches, in which, for once, the then M.F.H. did not take an imperial crowner. Lord Mildmay will have a brace in next year's National, and it may be rather difficult to pick the right one. The stable, of course, will know more about things than you or I, and perhaps they may discover that this nice horse which put up such a finished performance in the Sefton can eat Cromwell. But, on the evidence before the court at this moment, I know which one I personally should get aboard if I could roll back the years and dip my jacket in the fire of spring.

Let us take it that in last year's race Sheila's Cottage would have beaten Zahia if it had come to a fight to a finish, and that First of the Dandies was cooked to a turn before he landed in front of the last one. Cromwell's pilot could not possibly give his horse all the help he needed. One of the reports of last year's National said that "Cromwell ceased to be dangerous after Valentine's." *Credat Judæus Apella!*

Next, as to the winner of the Becher, Col. Powell's Knight's Pass. He did not run in last year's National, but the buzz is that he will in next year's, and after the way he threw them behind him when he won as he liked on the roth from Caddie II, there is no reason against it on his jumping performance. Knight's Pass has not had all the luck in the world so far. He is a little one, and something tipped him over in the Champion 'Chase at Aintree last March, and that he was brought down at the last one when he looked to be going well. A lot of people thought he would have won.

Just before winning the Becher he ran creditably behind Le Jacobin II, in a two-miler, and we saw what happened at Aintree on the roth; nothing could make a race of it with him. It is said that the Cheltenham Gold Cup may be his pidgin, but if he can win over that 3¼ mile with that uphill finish and can jump Aintree with such slight effort—who knows? His size cannot be put against him, for ponies have won the National in the past, and though none of us saw them, I should be surprised to be told that either The Colonel or The Lamb were better balanced than this little chap—about 15.2 and a bittock I should say! The others were real ponies.

**A**NYONE and everyone who likes to see a horse or a hound brought to vivid life upon canvas will be remiss if he, or she, does not go to see Mrs. Horace Colmore's exhibition of paintings at the Walker Galleries, 118, New Bond Street, which will be open from November 26th to December 9th, the pictures being mainly on loan from their owners. So far as the hound portraits are concerned, I picked that group of the South Staffordshire, Vanity and her daughters Vampire and Varnish, winners at Peterborough last year—beautiful necks and shoulders, in fact good everywhere; but this artist paints and draws so well that it is impossible to particularise.



R. C. Robertson-Glasgow

# Scoreboard



THE patron Saint of our first school has his day this week. His death-day, I suppose it was; but, for us, it meant a half-holiday, and roller-skating, and some tremendous swindling in the stamp-swapping market. Our Saint was a sub-King of East Anglia, and he was put to death by the Danes—

King and martyr, all about thee  
Rang the arrows' bitter rain,  
Wing'd with piercing scorn to flout thee  
Rang the arrows of the Dane.

So we sang, as loud as we could, on that evening once a year. If we were First Eleven, we wore the crown and crossed arrows on our sweaters, and were pretty proud of them. "Away" matches were the thing. Sometimes they took three-quarters of the day. The start was in mid-morning by horse-wagonette. If we won, we sang "Rule, Britannia" all the way down the home drive. No other song seemed to meet the case. Once a year the St. Paul's Choir School came down to play us at soccer. Some of the altos were rather on the tough side. They changed in the dormitories, threw the sponges about, and made apple-pie beds.

WHEN the summer. Cricket matches, followed by full-dress teas. I remember being rebuked by an out-match headmaster—very bad form, that was considered—for

laughing when a plumcake, apparently of its own volition, rolled down a steep bank on to the playing area.

At another school, we were let into the strawberry-beds after the match. This was the school where C. B. Fry made the photographs for his classic work, *Batsmanship*. The author, I regret to say, has been far from well in recent months, and many friends are missing his luminous writings and witty conversation. May he soon return, in full panoply.

YORKSHIREMEN not least will be pleased, in their own way, that a fourth Test Match, to be played at Headingley, Leeds, has been added to the customary three between England and New Zealand for summer 1949. New Zealanders bring to the Tests their own native air of freedom and enjoyment. They have also provided one of the greatest of Test captains, T. C. Lowry. Lowry, who captained Cambridge in a winning match against Oxford in 1924 and played some innings of memorable violence for Somerset, led the New Zealand teams at home in 1929 and here in 1931. In 1937 he came here as manager. In his team was a nineteen-year-old left-hander, Martin P. Donnelly, who has since shown himself, when in full practice, worthy to be numbered among world batsmen.

Donnelly tells a characteristic story of Lowry here eleven years ago. In a match against one

of the counties a certain New Zealand batsman was given out l.b.w., and, in the pavilion, he questioned the accuracy of the decision. "That'll do, my boy," said Tom Lowry, "you'd better know now that the umpires over here don't make any mistakes." A little later, the manager himself, playing against another county, was likewise given out l.b.w. Back in the pavilion, he gave vent to variegated apostrophe and denial. "But," said the first victim, "I thought you said that umpires in England never made a mistake?" Let's hope that Tom Lowry can find time from his sheep-ranching to come here as manager next summer, and to be l.b.w. once more.

WHY are the opponents of Field Sports so sorry for the fox? Sympathy, rather, should be accorded to the horse. An over-developed competitive instinct, so the psychologists say, reacts unfavourably on its nervous system. How often, too, in the heat of the chase, does it risk catching a dangerous cold while waiting for its owner to emerge from ditch or hedge? Nor is it by any means certain that the whole thing is good for the hounds. They develop a pack-neurosis and gradually lose all power of making individual decisions. So, anyhow, says Dr. Fetlock-Mongrell, C.O.D., who is an eminent veterinary-neurologist and practically an honorary dog.



**Flying Leap** made by K. C. Hendrick (Brasenose) during a lacrosse trial game at Oxford. Most of the team are transatlantic students, and they have had only ten goals scored against them this season. Oxford and Cambridge, the only two undefeated sides in the South of England, meet in a University match at Lord's or Oxford early in March



*Bartholomew Bouncer, proprietor of Ye Olde Toy Shop, suppresses a mutiny among the clockwork cats. An illustration from The Nicholas Thomas Story Book, by Kitty Styles, with pictures by Mary Kendal Lee (Sampson Low, Marston; 7s. 6d.)*

Elizabeth Bowen's

## Choice of Children's Books for Christmas

THE term "children," this year, must be elastic—the batch of juvenile fiction I have to hand directs itself to a wide range of youthfulness, from the teen-ager down to the tot. And, the best of the batch are unclassifiable—that is to say, the ideally stylish infant's book may please the eye of its elder brother or sister (or, indeed, your or my eye) and the first-rate boys' book will be read with absorption by little girls. Girls' books, I fear, still make a more dubious bid for masculine favour—though, each year, I notice girls' books becoming tougher: perhaps the gap will close.

A good book for children (or young persons) has got—at least, as I see it—to be a good book in its own right. Obviously, it excludes subjects or problems which are of purely adult concern, and its aims are gaiety and pleasurable

excitement. In the main, it should follow the primary rules—well-told story, attractive print and production, and pictures up to the mark. I see no reason why the young should be fobbed off with cloying sentiment, dreary whimsicality or trite facetiousness.

THERE exists, one ought always to keep in mind, a by now time-honoured group of children's classics, from Stevenson right through to Beatrix Potter, and new books for children, if they are to make the grade, should bid to make some addition to this class. I am glad to discover how many do. The books I shall mention this week all claim attention. (I should add that, obviously, I make my selection from books which have so far reached me. There may be more to come.)

As an aid to the parents or friends of children now about to embark on their Christmas shopping, classification *must*, of course, be attempted; so here goes.

For boys (and, I fancy, girls) in their early 'teens we have a more or less certain winner in Norman Collins's *Black Ivory* (Collins; 9s. 6d.)—a spirited, tearing, romantic, agreeably blood-curdling tale of the high seas; in which Ralph Rudd, our thirteen-year-old hero, is kidnapped by the villainous Captain Swing, finds himself aboard a slave ship, encounters sharks and black intrigue, becomes involved in a mutiny. This book is all the better for having one foot in the R. L. Stevenson terrain; and it need not fear comparison with those excellent early Masefield boys' adventure stories, such as *Martin Hyde*.





**S**PEAKING of Masfield and *Martin Hyde* reminds me that poets show an unexpected (or is it so unexpected?) flair for the writing of boys' stories. Two more of this season's books—both falling into the same reader-age-group as *Black Ivory*—are cases in point. Cecil Day Lewis's *The Otterbury Incident* (Putnam; 7s. 6d.) and Roy Fuller's *With My Little Eye* (John Lehmann; 8s. 6d.) are both additions to literature and intensely exciting.

*The Otterbury Incident*, "a tale of detection and high adventure for boys and girls," chronicles the roll of the tide of battle between two schoolboy gangs in the otherwise law-abiding Abbey town of Otterbury. The narration, in the first person, is admirable, the dialogue could not ring more true. The gentler sex (sisters) also show storm-troop qualities. The book is further adorned by the work of one of our best illustrators, Edward Ardizzone. . . . In *With My Little Eye*, "a mystery story for teen-agers," Frederick French, the sixteen-year-old narrator, takes a hand at detection. His father, delightfully detached and ironical as a parent, is a County Court judge; and Frederick is, as a spectator, actually in court when a man is shot during the hearing of a case. As a free-lance investigator, Frederick takes a line of his own—to be landed up in a net of bizarre adventures. His own character, only matched by that of his extraordinary contemporary, Rhoda, is the masterpiece of an extremely distinctive book. Here—and your schoolboy son or schoolgirl daughter will probably not be slow to salute the fact—is first-rate writing, plus any number of thrills.

**T**ASTE for historical novels cuts across age-groups: any intelligent child with a bent this way (upwards, I should say, from ten years old) should relish Violet Needham's *The Boy in Red* (Collins; 8s. 6d.). Miss Needham's young hero—whom she first met as a portrait on the walls of an old Dutch house—is Maurice St. Annalands, page to William the Silent. In that capacity, Maurice becomes involved with high doings, connected with the great Netherlands leader's fight for freedom. I was fascinated by the at once homely and heroic-romantic atmosphere of the story, which is, I learn, considered Miss Needham's best. As we know, her standard is always high.

For the ten- to thirteen-year-olds—and mainly, I think, for girls—we have Christine Pullein-Thompson's *We Rode to the Sea*, a children-and-horses story set in the Scottish Highlands; Monica Edwards' *The Summer of the Great Secret*—two tough little girls, one pony, several smugglers and a film-director successfully shaken together, on Romney Marsh; and Helen O'Clery's charming *Sparks Fly*, set in the South of Ireland, and equally rich in incident, excitement and local colour. These three books are published by Messrs. Collins, and all at the same price, 8s. 6d.

The Guilford Press puts out a new and most beguilingly elegant edition of Thackeray's

classic *The Rose and the Ring*, with, of course, the author's own illustrations. This book, priced at 8s. 6d., deserves to go to a child who likes things *nice*—the wrapper and, inside, the pale-blue and silver binding are sure to please.

*Miss Kelly*, by Elizabeth Holding, has excellent illustrations by Margaret Johnson. Our heroine is, in this case, a young lady cat, ornament of a serene American home. At least, the home is serene up to the entry of an escaped tiger. Miss Kelly, who has always had aspirations and been longing for an occasion to show character, takes the tiger in hand. "These humans," she points out, stepping forward calmly as the tiger prepares to slay the fainting cook, "belong to me." Poor Prince, the tiger, shows all the restless moroseness of royalty in exile: the indomitable Miss Kelly, regarding his and her fates as in future linked, leaves her happy home to follow Prince to the zoo. Here her real vocation awaits her: we leave Miss Kelly playing an important diplomatic part in improving relations between the animal and the human world. Messrs. Michael Joseph publish *Miss Kelly*, at 7s. 6d. All but the out-and-out cat-hater—who is surely rare?—should enjoy this story's humour and charm.



**"COLLINS MAGAZINE ANNUAL,"** Volume I., makes the very well-justified claim to be a book for every member of the family—in fact, if the children succeed in keeping hold of it they will be lucky. The *Annual* (which cost 12s. 6d.) represents the contents of *Collins Magazine* during that periodical's first six months of life—with, for full measure, some more good things thrown in. Besides the story-interest (led by the serialising of *Black Ivory*), we have an inspiring "Things to Make" series, book-talks, historical studies, adventure and nature notes, and a fascinating account, by Noel Streatfield, of the progress of two young pupils at the Sadler's Wells Ballet School. Neville Cardus writes on cricket—in fact, almost all contributors bear names already famous in other fields. If your children have not already been given a subscription to *Collins Magazine* they will certainly, inflamed by this *Annual*, demand one.

The new *Cynthia Asquith Book* (Macdonald; 10s. 6d.) repeats the success of its predecessor. It should be an ideal gift for a child between six and twelve. The elegance of the wrapper and illustrations (particularly the dreamlike Philip Gough frontispiece) would appeal most, perhaps, to your little girl; but a stalwart good sense and humour throughout the stories should recommend the book, too, to her young brother. Denis Mackail's tale, "Mr. Doll and Mr. Goodworthy," is a masterpiece; so is John Betjeman's "South Kentish Town," with its eerie, effective colour-plate of an electric train seen from above. Richmal Crompton, Monica Dickens, Eleanor Farjeon, Horace Annesley Vachell and E. H. Young are among the contributors. Lady Cynthia Asquith is to be congratulated on this delightful party and,

not less, on her own story, "Lucy and the Merry-Go-Round."

**T**HE claims of *Uncle Mac's Children's Hour Book* (Sampson Low; 7s. 6d.) must be self-evident. Editor Derek McCulloch (private life name for the B.B.C.'s Uncle Mac) gives us his favourites from among broadcast tales; plus some true stories by famous people already familiar over the air. As for the pictures, some—especially the woodcuts of birds and animals, and the three-headed giant drawings—are as good as they come; a few of the others are less good, and rather let the side down. The obvious destination of this book is, any young ardent Children's Hour listener, who will be glad to meet old friends again.

*Down the Bright Stream*, by "B.B." (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), is a sequel to *The Little Grey Men*. It continues the history of our four gnome friends—Dodder, Baldmoney, Sneezewort and Cloudberry. Dislodged from their home on the banks of the River Folly, the four in haste take ships to seek their fortunes elsewhere, accompanied by their pal Squirrel. An exciting fantasy tale, knit up with real natural history, this should appeal to the country-loving child, particularly between the ages of ten and seven. The Denys Watkins-Pitchford illustrations, in colour and black-and-white, are boldly in the Arthur Rackham tradition—recalling, nostalgically, to you and me, many a Christmas book of our own childhoods.

**T**HE prettiest book of my Christmas batch (up to date) is *Slippery Sam*, which I place at the head of my group for the Very Young (six years old down to the age of first taking notice). The story and the delightful drawings of *Slippery Sam* are both by Enid Marx—publisher, Allan Wingate; price, 4s. 6d. Sam, our dandy snail hero, attends an insects' fête, at the particular invitation of the Queen Bee, and has many adventures. Every page of this book is airy, distinguished, gay.

*Me and My Mice*, by Patricia Thompson, is a comic, ingenuous little story, which gains still more from its pictures—drawings by Seton McConnell. The rose-pink and ginger wrapper has particular charm. Published by Macdonald, at 5s., this should go to a six- or seven-year-old.

For the extremely tiny, we have a miniature series of toy animal books: Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 in the Ivy Wallace "Animal Shelf" series. *Stripey to the Rescue*, *Kinker Visits the Animal Shelf*, *Woeful and the Waspberries* and *Getup Crusoe* are bright-coloured within and without. This series comes from Collins, at 2s. 6d. each.



**Twelve-year-old** Angela Ogden wrote and illustrated Mrs. Fluster's Circus (Herbert Joseph; 7s. 6d.), the story of a remarkable hen and her strangely assorted family

# THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Day — Grace

Mr. John Day, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Day, of Stone House, East Pennard, Shepton Malet, Somerset, was married to Miss Marianne Grace, daughter of the late Major C. B. Grace and Mrs. Windeatt, of Caton, Ermington, Ivybridge, Devon, at Leigh Church, near Reigate. The bride is a granddaughter of the late Dr. W. G. Grace.



Rowse — Shirley Fawcett

Mr. J. N. Rowse, only son of the late Mr. A. A. Rowse and Mrs. Rowse, of Gerrards Cross, was married to Miss P. M. Shirley Fawcett, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. Shirley Fawcett, of Gerrards Cross, at St. Joseph's, Austenwood Common, Chalfont St. Peter, Buckinghamshire



Allanson — Radcliff

Mr. Ian Evelyn Allanson, second son of the late Dr. H. Allanson and Mrs. Allanson, of Natal, was married to Miss Peggy Radcliff, second daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Radcliff, of Pinelands, Cape Town, at St. Patrick's Church, Cape Town



Finlayson — Lothian Brown

Lt. F. Finlayson, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Finlayson, of Glasgow, was married to Miss Penelope F. Lothian Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lothian Brown, of New Mills, Cheshire, at St. Andrew's Church, Rosyth Dockyard



Anderson — Ledgerwood

Dr. D. A. P. Anderson, son of Sir John Anderson, of Westminster, was married to Miss L. Myrtle A. Ledgerwood, daughter of Lt.-Col. F. H. Ledgerwood and of Mrs. A. J. H. Ross, of Holland Park, W., at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Andrew — Kelly

Mr. I. G. C. Andrew, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Ivan Andrew, of Wood Advent, Amersham, was married to Miss S. E. Kelly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kelly, of Four Elm Close, Amersham, at St. Mary's, Amersham, Buckinghamshire

Wemyss — Longworth

Lt. Pierce Alexander Barclay Wemyss, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. F. Wemyss, of Dorset House, Hastings Road, Bexhill-on-Sea, was married to Miss Diana Blackburn Longworth, daughter of the late Mr. E. C. Longworth, of Walmer, Eastern Province, South Africa, and of Mrs. E. D. Longworth, of Fulham Road, Chelsea, S.W.3, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge





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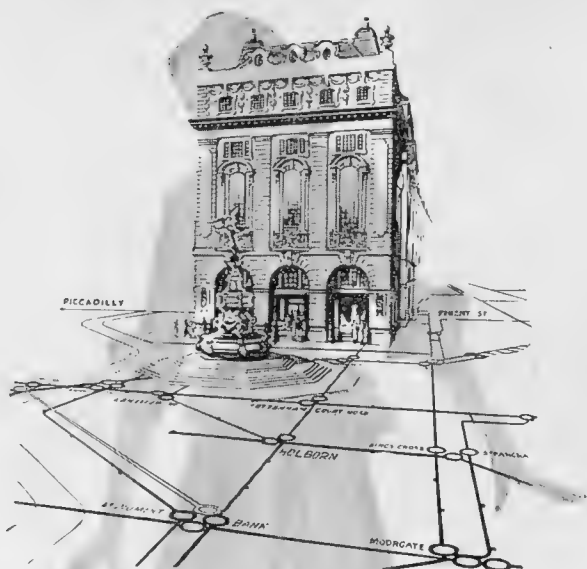
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Miss Mary Ball-Dodd and Mr. Giles Samuel Bertram Romilly who are engaged to be married. Miss Ball-Dodd is the eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Ball-Dodd, of York, and Mr. Romilly is the elder son of the late Col. Bertram Romilly, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Romilly, of Kington, Herefordshire

## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Joyce Elizabeth Chamberlin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlin of Dunsans House, Billingshurst, Sussex, who is engaged to Mr. John Henry Wilding, 1st King's Dragoon Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilding, of Sundridge Park Hotel, Bromley, Kent



Miss Susan Mary Mattingley, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Mattingley of Broomham, Guestling, Sussex, who is engaged to Mr. John Berry, son of Mr. Frederick Berry, of The Anchorage, Shiplake-on-Thames, Oxfordshire, and of Mrs. Berry



Miss Cherry Henderson-Scott, only daughter of Major and Mrs. W. M. Henderson-Scott, of Burley Beacon, Burley, Hampshire, and Buckingham Palace Mansions, who is engaged to Mr. Archibald Somerset Clowes, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Clowes, of Palace Court, W.2



Miss Jill M. Barrington-Ward, daughter of Mr. V. M. Barrington-Ward, C.B.E., D.S.O., and of Mrs. B. Barrington-Ward, Franche, Kidderminster, Worcestershire, who is engaged to Captain James Cadwell (Peter) Fraser, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Fraser, of The Lodge, St. Catherine's, Argyll

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Mrs. Hobart, wife of Lt.-Commander Hobart, with her infant son Robert Henry, after his christening in the chapel of H.M.S. Vernon, Portsmouth, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Louis Anderson, Bishop of Portsmouth

## "The Tatler" Pictures Some Recent Christenings



Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McArthur Rank with their son, Colin Rouland Hopwood, after he had been christened at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. Mr. McArthur Rank is related to Mr. J. V. Rank, who was one of the god-parents, together with Mrs. Arthur Du Santoy, Mr. John Rank and Mrs. Robert Ullman



The Hon. Mrs. Vincent Byrne, wife of Wing Commander Byrne, and her infant daughter who had just been christened Deidre Helen, at Brompton Oratory. They have also a son and another daughter

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## RECORD OF THE WEEK

It was in 1877 that people in this country began to perceive that the music of Brahms was not merely the work of an obscure intellectual. This was due in no small measure to the immediate popularity of his Opus 52, *Liebeslieder Walzer*, first heard in that year.

Written for piano duet and a mixed vocal quartet, the words are from *Polydora* by a little-known German poet, Daumer. Pleasing though they are, it is the musical setting that has real artistic significance. Now the first authentic vocal recording is available, made by Irmgard Seefried, Elisabeth Höngen, Hugo Meyer-Welfing, and Hans Hotter, the pianists being Friedrich Wührer and Herman Von Nordberg.

There are in all four records, seven sides being taken up by the *Liebeslieder*, the eighth by three Brahms's Waltzes, Opus 39. Throughout the pianists give a most sensitive performance, and while each of the singers is a distinguished soloist, never for one moment is the listener allowed to feel that they are either more or less than part of a finely balanced and artistic whole. Here is real team work! These records are something to be heard and enjoyed in the intimate peace of one's own home. They are delightful indeed. (Columbia LX. 1114-7.)

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WILL YOU remember them at Christmas? Please share some of your Festive happiness by sending a gift now to

Rev. Preb. Hubert H. Treacher,  
General Secretary and Head,

**THE CHURCH ARMY**  
FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

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## Kemt Magic Mist wakes the sleeping beauty in your hair...

Dust and smoke dim the lustre of your hair... Kemt-in-a-minute revives it. Just the pressure of a fingertip on the Kemt Mist-ifier and a fragrant spray as fine as frosted breath permeates your hair. Watch Kemt's Magic Mist kindle forgotten lights in your hair leaving it gleaming, glamorous, provoking.



**Kemt**  
magic mist



In 2 shades: light & dark

KEMT MAGIC MIST RESTORES HAIR LUSTRE

Made by the makers of Silvikin

THE NEW MIST-IFIER  
Exclusive to Kemt,  
it cannot go wrong,  
cannot wear out.

## BEAUTY

has a better chance today...

When Cousin Jenny skated, she looked a perfect picture. The tight little waist, the bonnet with its roses, the ermine and the flowing skirt... very, very, charming. But scarcely designed for freedom! To-day, simplicity reigns in feminine fashion. That is why so many women have changed today to the Tampax way. For here is freedom exemplified. Here is perfect comfort, release from worry and doubt, freedom from the old-time bane of belts and pins and pads. Here is sanitary protection in its most simple, hygienic form... completely invisible, completely safe. And because of this, here is peace of mind... self-confidence which makes beauty radiant.

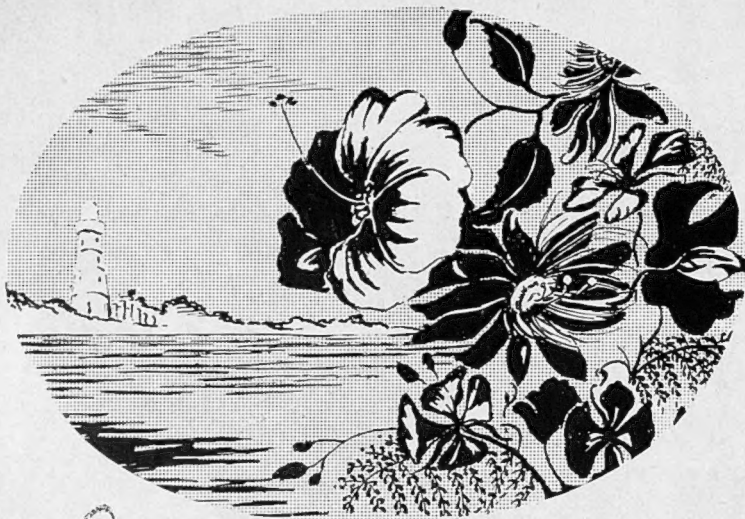


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\*NEW SUPER ABSORBENT  
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Take wonderful days, each as fair as the best in June. Take warm sunlight and deep-blue sea, cool nights, the scent of flowers.

Take the comfort of luxurious hotels and the pleasantness of smiling service and anticipated needs; adding good food in ample supply.

Take relaxation and charming people. Flavour with twenty shillings' value for every pound spent. Garnish with golf, tennis, racing, polo, yachting, big-game fishing, the most marvellous swimming in the world. Enjoy *ad lib.*, for you will be tasting Life—in Nassau.

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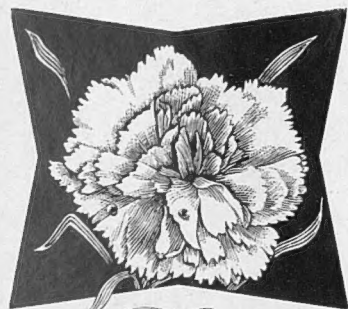


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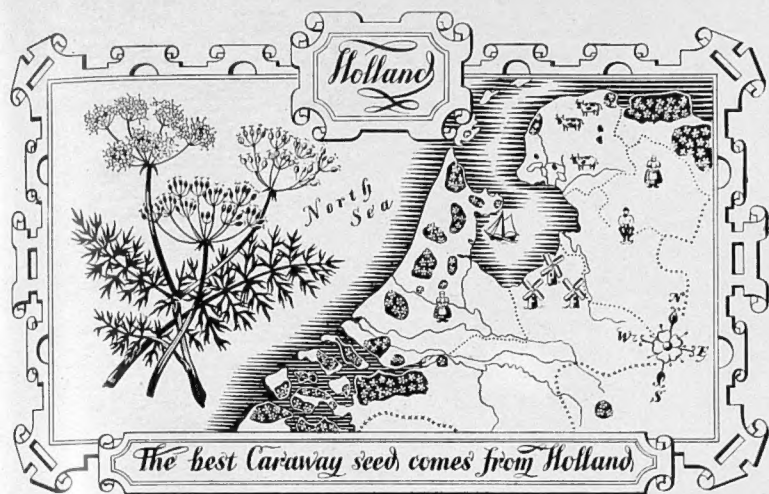
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It is now 20 years since George, the incomparable barman, introduced Lillet into the Guards' Club, adding just a dash of orange bitters to two-thirds Lillet—one-third Gin.

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*Very dry . . . to suit the English Palate*

Bolskummel is back again. Double-distilled from the finest Dutch caraway seeds, Bolskummel is friendly to your digestion. In sipping Bolskummel, you sip the original authentic Dutch—the inspiration of all other Kummels—the 'Rembrandt' as opposed to its copies.



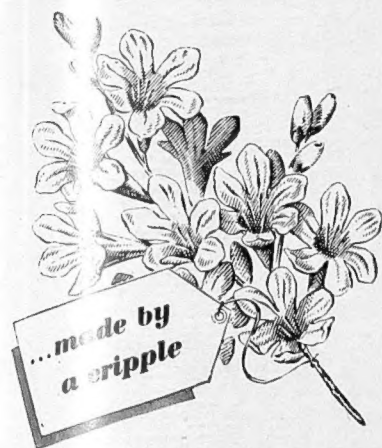
**ERVEN LUCAS BOLS**  
AMSTERDAM

*The child  
who never  
smiled . . .*



SOME CHILDREN, when they first come into The Salvation Army's care, seem as if they have *never* smiled. But kindness, love and understanding work miracles. This Christmas will you help us to bring more smiles to more faces than ever before? There's real happiness in the knowledge that you are making others happy. Please send your gift now, to General Albert Orsborn, C.B.E., 101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

**THE SALVATION ARMY**



Most of us would be proud to grow flowers like these. But these are different—they are made out of cloth, cut and coloured by crippled girls.

At our Edgware home, we care for nearly 200 crippled women, of all ages, also we teach them to make artificial flowers. By so doing, we provide for their comfort and help them to help themselves. Every effort is made to balance our budget by the sale of our flowers, but rising costs leave a dangerous gap. Since we are not State-aided, this gap must be closed by voluntary contributions.

Please write for a copy of our 82nd Annual Report. Our good work, told more fully, will we think, encourage at least a small donation.

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Regd. according to the Nat. Assistance Act 1948  
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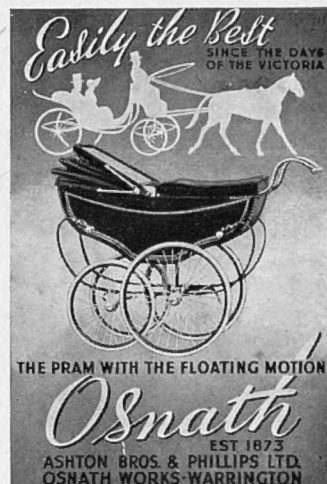
from the date when your child goes to school, irrespective of what the future may hold for you.

The period of five years mentioned can be extended or curtailed as desired.

University fees can be assured as well as those for Preparatory and Public Schools. Write, giving as full particulars as possible of education envisaged, with dates of birth of parent and child, to

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### at the friendly inn

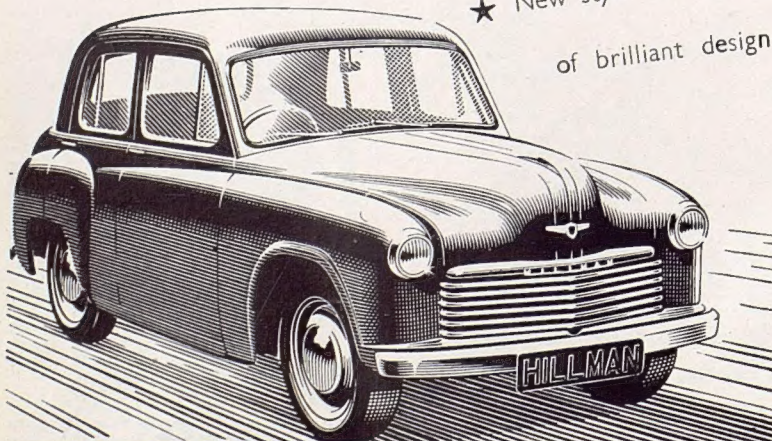
Good company in friendly surroundings is a centuries-old tradition of our inns. Often the craftsmanship of furniture maker, of glassmaker and potter has helped to create the genial atmosphere. There were the famous Windsor chairs, sometimes shaped while the wood was green. They once were inn furniture. Now many of them snuggle, old and mellow, by the firesides of collectors. And it may well be that some of the good furniture which makes the inn so pleasant today will in turn be sought after.

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